Boult. To night, to night, but Miſtreſſe, doe you know the French Knight that cowres i'th hams?

Baud. Who *Mounſier Verollus*?

Boult. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclimation, but he's made a grone at it, and ſwore he would ſee her to morrow.

Baud. Well, well, as for him he brought his diſeaſe hither, here he doth but repaire it, I know he will comē in our ſhadow, to ſcatter his crownes in the Sunne.

Boult. Well, if we had of every Nation a traveller, we ſhould lodge them with this ſigne.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you have Fortunes comming upon you, marke me, you muſt ſeeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, depiſe profite, where you have moſt gaine, to weepe that you live as you doe, makes pitty in your lovers ſeldome, but that pitty begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

Mar. I underſtand you not.

Boult. O take her home Miſtreſſe, take her home, theſe bluſhes of hers muſt be quencht with ſomē preſent practiſe.

Mari. Thou ſaiſt true yfaith, ſo they muſt, for your Bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boult. Faith ſome do, and ſome do not, but Miſtreſſe, if I have bargaind for the joynt.

Baud. Thou maiſt cut a morſell off the ſpit.

Boult. I may ſo.

Baud. Who ſhould deny it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they ſhall not be changed yet.

Baud. Boult, ſpend thou that in the Towne, report what a ſojourner we have, you'l loſe nothing by cuſtome. When Nature framed this peece, ſhe meant thee a good turne, therefore ſay what a paragon ſhee is, and thou haſt the harveſt out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Miſtreſſe, thunder ſhall not ſo awake the beds of Eeles, as my giving out her beauty, ſtirs up the lewdly enc.ined, Ile bring home ſome to night.

Baud.

Baud. Comē your waye
Mar. If fires be hot, kn
Vntide I ſtill my virgin k
Diana aide my purpoſe.
Baud. What have wee
with us.

Enter

Dion. Why arē you fo
Cleon. O *Dionizia*, ſuc
The Sunne and Moone ne
Dion. I thinke you'l tu
Cleon. Where I chiefe
give it to undo the deed.
tue, yet a Princeſſe to equ
the juſtice of compare. O
ſoned too, if thou hadſt d
becomming well thy fac
Pericles ſhall demande hi
Dion. That ſhe is dead
nor ever to preſerve, ſhe d
ir, unleſſe you play the In
out ſhee dide by foule pla
Cleon. O go too, well,
vens, the gods doe like th
Dionizia. Be one of th
Tharſus will flie hence, an
thinke of what a Noble
ſpirit.
Cleon. To ſuch proceed
added, though not his wh
nourable courſes.
Dionizia. Be it ſo ther
ſhe came dead, nor none

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